

One day away

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Summary: After the boat ride to Tolbi docks the group makes camp with a day's journey left to Tolbi, although one Jupiter adept makes a confession. (PureTorture/MistShipping short story, rated T for a scene later in)

One day away

_ **Authors note: Well, this is my first Golden Sun fic, technically my second fic on the site (my first one I never finished, thus deleted), and something that I wrote in class. Anyways, constructive criticism is appreciated, and if I make a spelling/grammar error (certain things, such as "gonna" I use only if it is in a character's speaking style, such as Garet) please let me know so I can fix it. Now then, go read the story!** _

The three boys sat around the fire as Mia dressed herself to eat, and eventually sleep. They were a days' journey away from Tolbi, which because of Colosso had become a town filled with those willing to risk it all, be it their money or their lives. Ivan stared at the stars covering the night sky above, pondering about several things.

"Ivan!" Garet called, noticing his friend lost in his thoughts. Ivan did not respond, rather he started mumbling.

"Ivan! Are you awake?" Garet yelled as he got up to shake his friend, but Isaac held him back.

"Leave him." He said, calmly pushing him onto the log Garet was sitting on. Ivan looked at them for a moment before speaking.

"No, I understand." He stated with a small smile on his face, "It's nothing."

"If you're mumbling so much then how is it nothing?" said Garet, wondering what his younger friend was talking about. There was a

faint hint of concern in his voice, although if his speech told no lies it would have been much clearer.

"He does have a point, Ivan," Isaac said, trying to reassure his friend. Ivan started shaking slightly, noticeable only to him.

"I-I told you it's nothing!" Ivan mumbled, almost whimpering. Isaac lightly patted Garet on the back.

"Leave him. If it's nothing to him, it's nothing to us."

"It has to be something, look at him!" Garet whispered, though it was loud enough for Ivan to hear. The youngest of the three was slowly lowering his head in his lap, "Ivan, just tell us. Mia's gonna be a few more minutes, so it's just guy talk!"

"Garet, leave Ivan be!" Isaac retorted, starting the twos' bickering. After several minutes Ivan grew tired of it. He slowly raised his head, revealing his face to be as red as the Mars star they carried with them.

"Alright! I'll tell you!" Ivan said, struggling to keep his head up. The other two boys stopped and turned to him; Garet sported a triumphant smile as the two listened. Hard as he tried, Ivan couldn't say what he meant to say with his face held high, and his head fell back in his lap, muffling what he said. "I-I-I l-like Mia!"

"That explains a lot of things," Garet said as he made his way over to the log Ivan sat on, "including why you moved to the far left in our formation."

"That may be partially the case, but it is actually a good idea to keep them farther away from each-other in battle; they are the two mages." Isaac explained, trying to clear up Ivan's face, "Although it is understandable."

"Either way, good luck Ivan, you're gonna need it." Garet said, grinning as he patted Ivan on the back, causing him to nearly lose his balance.

"What's all this ruckus?" A voice called from the tent, the voice of Mia to be precise.

Author's note part 2: Well, that was fun. It's already written on lined paper so I just need to revise it as I'm typing. The next chapter should be up in 1-2 weeks, so please tell me things I should know or you want me to write in the reviews. Have a good day, and don't get lost in Weyard!

â€|_**I've done that too many times.**_

End
file.